

Ease

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Ease

A/N: I don't own things. Also I fully recognize the bizarreness of this one (also I know that's probably not a word)

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><p>"Hello? Are you home?"<p>

Ginny punctuated her inquiry with a long-suffering sigh. After a long day of practice with Gwenog pushing the team to their limit, Ginny wanted nothing more than a warm shower to wash of the grime and an ice-cold butter b â€

"WENIS!"

Brow furrowed, Ginny placed her practice bag down and slipped her trainers off before hearing a whispered "\_wenis\_" coming from the direction of the living room.

As she crossed the threshold, Ginny attempted to find the source of the sound â€ which she surmised was her husband â€ in the small room, "Harry?"

"Ginny! I \_missed\_ you today," he moaned, peeking up over the back of the sofa so all Ginny could see was his messy mop of hair and his glassy eyes.

"Love, you're so pasty you look like Nearly Headless Nick."

Harry sighed, slumping back down before mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like "wenis."

Ginny moved around the couch and sat next to Harry, who was so feverish the heat was radiating off his prone form as he languished, listlessly looking into the empty fireplace.

"Hi Gin, I missed you."

"So you said. Why didn't you floo Holyhead and tell me? I would have come home early."

"'m okay. Jus' layin' here resting. That's what Robards said to do," Harry relayed, staring off into space while absentmindedly stroking Ginny's hand with his clammy one.

If she hadn't been sure Harry was ill before, the fact that \_Robards\_ had suggested he go home and that \_Harry\_ had agreed would have been enough evidence. In fact, perhaps he was more ill than she thought  
â€" \_maybe he should go to Mungo's â€" \_

"Did you know if you keep saying \_any\_ word it sounds weird  
'ventually and loses all meaning?"

\_Yeah he's definitely delirious\_.

"Harry, love â€" "

He gestured to his elbow, "You know what \_this\_ is? It's  
â€" \_wenis.\_"

Before Ginny had a chance to interject, Harry continued, "Well, actually it's an \_olecranon.\_" Harry rolled onto his back and placed his and Ginny's interconnected hands on his chest and breathing through his mouth.

"How did you â€" "

"Me n' Ron kept saying wenis â€" see how it sounds weird? â€"

Stroking his hair from his sweaty brow, Ginny replied, "I think you sound insane." \_Maybe its best I don't take him to Mungo's â€" Harry would hardly appreciate being roommates with Lockhart for all eternity\_.

Unfazed, Ginny's husband continued, "So we kept sayin' it, and Hermione didn't like it, and then she said it was called an â€"

Harry's tale was cut off by a sneezing fit, but still he plowed on in between sneezes, "ole- ," Ginny handed him a tissue, "olecra-," Harry blew his nose, "olecranon," Harry sighed and relaxed back into the cushions.

\_I wonder if that story would make any more sense if he were lucid\_.

"Harry, I think we should â€"

"I'm \_sleepy\_, " he said through a yawn.

Sensing this was her chance for a power grab, Ginny gently helped

Harry sit up straight, waiting until he regained his equilibrium before guiding him to a standing position.

"Let's get you to bed, love."

"You comin' too?" he asked pitifully.

\_Bugger\_.

"Come on you big lump," was Ginny's reply as she wrapped her arm around Harry's slim waist and helped him to their cozy crimson and gold bedroom " \_once a Gryffindor\_, she mused.

Her reflections about her and Harry's eternal, some would say fanatical, house loyalty were cut off by her compatriot's sneeze, weak cough, and finally a whimper and a snuffle. Harry was hardly ever ill, and when he was, the rest of the world rarely took notice because of his inevitable replies of 'I'm \_fine,\_' or 'It's \_just\_ \_allergies.\_' Most people believed him, but knowing him intimately for so long, including nearly two years of \_marriage\_, gave Ginny an intuition with Harry in many ways, including his health.

Days like today were still few and far between, but when they came up, Ginny liked to give into his every whim, knowing as a child, he had only one short year with a loving family before he was left on his own to deal with " \_everything\_.

Leading Harry to perch on the trunk at the foot of their cherry wood bed, Ginny unmade the the down-filled coverlet and fluffed the pillows at the head, before turning to see Harry with his head leaning against one of the four-posters with heavily lidded eyes.

"Harry, love, why don't you come get in the bed now?" she asked, pushing his hair from his eyes affectionately.

Harry sighed contentedly, letting his eyes drift shut, before they slammed open, "Wanna see my wenis?"

With a snort, Ginny asked, "Is this what you boys were doing to poor Hermione when she told me I wasn't allowed to send you over there alone anymore?"

"We were debating who had a bigger wenis."

"You are both \_giant\_ wenises," Ginny drawled, helping Harry tuck his lanky frame under the covers.

"That would be weird."

Moving around the other side of the bed, Ginny answered, "Can't get much weirder than this conversation."

Harry snuggled up to her side, tucked his head under her chin and mumbled, "\_I love you,\_" quietly into her collarbone.

"I love you too."

End

file.